

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. XXI. { REV. A. STEVENS, EDITOR.
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1850.

TERMS, \$1.00, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON. } No. 29.

SONG OF DEATH.

Shrink not, O Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!
Look up, look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!
Quickly goes down the sun;
Life's work is almost done;
Fruitless endeavor, hope deferred, and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang, and then is o'er,
All the long, mournful, weariness of life.
Kind friend, 'tis almost past;
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear,
See how he loved you who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
O, most beloved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath!
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free,
Hold him not back who speeds to victory!
—The bonds are riven, the struggling soul is free!
Hail, hail, enfranchised Spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field has trod!
On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face;
And stand before thy God!
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou art of earth no more;
No more art trammelled by the oppressive clay,
But tread'st with winged ease
The high acclivities
Of truths sublime, up Heaven's crystalline way.
Here is no bootless quest;
This city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear assail;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou live thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wondering eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining land
Are spirits of thy kind!
And these who throng to meet thee are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
—The city's gates unfold—enter, O! enter in!

For the Herald and Journal.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE,
Franklin, June 30, 1850.

Ordered, That the Secretary of the Conference Missionary Society be requested to furnish to the Zion's Herald a copy of his report for publication.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT

Of the East Maine Conference Missionary Society for the year 1849 and 1850.

You are aware that the report of your secretary will embrace the operations of a new Conference—That this new Conference contains within its limits territory that is but just reclaimed from the wilderness, and which is itself Missionary ground—and that, consequently, many of the offerings that have been thrown into the missionary treasury are the offerings of newly-formed and feeble societies—and being aware of all this, you will be less surprised at the feeble pecuniary demonstration which we, as a denomination, made the last year for the conversion of the world.

At our last session, the Methodist E. Church within the limits of this Conference numbered 9857 members, including probationers. According to the report of our Treasurer the contributions received from these 9857 members for the cause of missions was (tell it not in Ethiopia—publish it not in the jungles of India—lest the infidel rejoice, and the daughters of the uncivilized heathen triumph) \$618.41—equal to 6 1-4 cents a member.

In regard to our denomination as a whole, a comparison of its doings with its duty is sufficiently humiliating. For several years past our contributions average only from 13 to 17 cents a member! But it will be seen that a comparison of our Conference with others is still more humiliating. The Maine Conference paid, last year, 7 1-3 cents to a member. The New England 21 1-3—the Providence 25 cents to a member.

The East Maine Conference falls short of the lowest average above named nearly 7 cents. The Maine Conference 6 cents. The New England exceeds the average 7 1-3 cents. The Providence, 12 cents. The excess of the N. E. and the Providence Conferences above the Maine average is more than our whole contribution. And during the year just closed they have still increased their contributions—the latter having paid 30 cents to a member, or more than double the general average. But all our Conferences have done miserably enough—and as a denomination we are doing less instead of more than formerly—our receipts being greater in 1846 than in any year since. This, certainly is a wrong direction for the M. E. Church to take at this stage of her progress.

We are not only doing less for missions than we have done, but, as far as our pecuniary offerings are concerned, we fall far behind some other churches. The denominations which support the American Board pay an average of one dollar per member. The Presbyterians pay 99 cents—the Baptists, 21 cents. The Southern Methodist Church 16 cents.

It is true this comparison does by no means disgrace us. Our church suffers no disparagement if she does not equal others in her cash contributions. The Missionary employed by other denominations does not contribute money to support himself. His contributions are his time, his talents, his labor. He casts himself into the treasury of the Lord. Let it be remembered this is precisely the position of a large portion of the Methodist Church. Thousands, who make up the newly-formed societies in the moral deserts, in the forests, and on the frontiers of our country, are neither more nor less than missionaries—though they neither assume the title, nor ask assistance from the Missionary Society. They not only labor unceasingly, but cheerfully contribute from their own scanty means to send the Gospel to places still more destitute. Now who does not see that a few cents from such members, as far as benevolence is concerned, are equal to as many times from the members of long established societies. We might reasonably expect these to contribute not only three or four, but ten times as much.

Again, our church has not only been a pioneer, but her extension has been exceedingly rapid. Her new recruits cannot consistently be expected to pay as much as long-trained regulars. But if labor and sacrifice were taken into the account, it is believed the M. E. Church would fall behind no denomination in her free offerings to God.

One thing more needs to be observed in this connection. If the M. E. Church has contributed less money for the support of missions, it does not follow of necessity that she has performed less labor. It is well known that one

man may perform as much work for one dollar as another can for five. It ought to be remembered, too, that one church may accomplish as much with 13 cents as another can with 21, 93, or even 100.

Thus much has been said on this point in order to shield our denomination, and this Conference from undue reproach.

But if we, as a denomination, all things being considered, have done as well as others, we might have done better than we have. And if we as a Conference have done a little, we cannot, if we would, conceal the fact that we ought to have done much more. We have seen that of all our efforts for the Missionary cause last year, the result was 6 1-4 cents to a member. In almost any other part of our country this would have been unpardonable. And I do not see how it can fail to reddens with a blush of shame the face of every member of our church within the limits of even the East Maine Conference. It is painfully evident we have not done our duty. Of the 76 circuits and stations embraced in our Conference 23, including about one fourth of our membership, did not contribute one cent. Now if these persons could not read—if they could not hear—if they could not feel, we might excuse them. If they were heathens, or Jews, or Mohammedans, we might excuse them. If they were unconverted persons who had never spoken a Saviour's name, we might palliate their delinquency. But when we consider that they were Christians by profession—baptized, Methodist Christians—and that they lived in the full blaze of the Gospel light of the nineteenth century, our warmest charity refuses to frame an excuse for them! And if theirs be the sin of ignorance, it is the sin of such ignorance as God will not now wink at.

But not only did these 2400 pay nothing—probably one third of the members on other circuits paid nothing—so that actually one half the members of our church in the East Maine Conference paid nothing for the support of this glorious cause. And when we consider that the contributions of the other half were in amount chiefly expended within our own borders, we find that we are doing absolutely nothing for our own State for the salvation of the world.

This may be right, but we do not believe it. We have forgotten the motto of our glorious leader: "The world is my parish." We have forgotten that God has left to the Christian church the work of its conversion. We have forgotten the last words of the world's great Saviour before he ascended to his Father: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" This then is the work of the Christian church. Did our members believe it when they gave to the cause of missions six cents apiece? What was the language of most of those fourpences and five cent pieces? To the infidel they had a language like this: "We have made considerable ado about religion, but in reality we think little of it; our offerings fairly represent our estimation of it." To the heathen world they said, "Though we look with horror upon your abominable idolatries, we think you are about as good as we are, and that an expenditure of 6 1-4 cents apiece will make you every way equal to us!" This is the blasphemous language of a five cent piece thrown into the Missionary box by a Christian whose granaries are full of corn. The widow's two mites have indeed a different dialect. What that difference is will be seen at the final reckoning.

Among the various objections which are thrown into the treasury of the Lord instead of money, (like a button into a contribution box) one is, "We don't know where the money goes!" the interpretation of which is, either "we have no faith in God, and of course no confidence in his servants," or "we offer this foolish objection because we have nothing more honorable to offer." Now whether such members have taken interest enough in the Missionary cause to inform themselves of its operations or not, it is pretty certain that if others did not contribute more than they, it would make but little difference where it went, and it might be truly said of their money as an ancient prophet's covetous and unfaithful lackey said of himself, "Thy servant went no whither."

2. Another objection is, "The heathen are as well off as we are;" which, as it regards many objects, may be true. But if it be true, it is not true that the heathen will be saved. It only argues that such objects will perish, for the Bible says, "idolaters shall not inherit the kingdom of God." It might even be admitted that the state of a heathen who "perished without law" would be more tolerable than the law, without weakening at all the motives for Missionary effort.

3. A third objection is, "We are too poor." Aye! too poor! And this is just what makes them poor. This niggardly policy of doing nothing except what one is actually compelled to do is enough to make any body poor. It has ruined many a society. Generally, it is all selfishness, and the motto seems to be, "all for self—nothing for God; or, which is about the same thing as it regards time, talents or money—the first fruits for self, the residue for God!" This policy has starved many a minister at home. It has withheld the bread of life from millions of perishing heathen abroad; and it is to be feared it will shut the gate of heaven against many who profess to be Christ's disciples. The reason why so many societies are tottering in rags and poverty, hardly able to stand upright, and dragging out a miserable existence, is to be found in this wretched policy often taken in any other cause. If we are poor, let us not think of getting rich by robbing God. Let us rather dispense with our evil habits. Let the Sepoys drink their tea, and the Arabs their coffee—let slave-mongers and rationalists eat, snuff and smoke their tobacco sip their infernal, deadly cups, but let Christians drink pure water, and eat wholesome food, and give what they save by so doing to the salvation of others, and our missionary treasury would soon be filled. Were the Methodist church alone to adopt this plan, she would put more gold and silver into the treasury of the Lord than the whole Christian world does at the present time.

4. The last objection is, "There are so many objects of benevolence I cannot give to all. If I give to the missionary, I shall have nothing for the preacher." This is nothing less than Covetousness knocking at the door of Cupidity, and meanly trying to awake him to his assistance. But the simple meaning of the objection, in most cases, is this:—"However many objects of benevolence there may be, I do not intend to give one cent to any of them, and I only offer this objection to get rid of the application," and as for "the preacher," when he meets with an individual who makes such an excuse, he knows better than to expect anything from him for his own support. "A great many

benevolent societies!" I know there are. And there will be more yet. Thank God, the church is devising liberal things. She means to sow beside all waters. We ought to bless God for a chance to sow. We have not forgotten the language of Holy Writ: "Whosoever sows sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he that sows bountifully shall reap bountifully."

Once there was only the preacher to sustain, and he fared poorly. Then came the Missionary Society, and the preacher fared better. Then there was the Sunday School, and the preacher and the missionary both fared better. Now we have the Missionary Society, the Sunday School, the Bible and Tract Society, Education, the poor, the fifth Collection, &c. &c., and the preacher never fared so well as now. Had we a dozen more "objects of benevolence" the preachers would get their full claim—superannuated and all! And there is no preacher among us, I presume, like one reported in another Conference who said he did not dare to solicit subscriptions to the Herald for fear he should not get his own claim! That man never will get it if he can never fail to get as much as he deserves.

In 1850 years since Jesus died for sinners, and yet three fourths of our race are not informed of the fact! Six hundred millions of human beings who, if saved at all must be saved through Jesus Christ, have never yet heard his blessed name. To point all these souls to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," the whole Christian church has but 3000 missionaries in the field—one to every 200,000 heathen! Instead of which the world needs at this moment 600,000 Christian missionaries. The Methodist E. Church in the United States ought to send out five hundred additional missionaries before the close of another year! There are men enough, and there is money enough to sustain them, without making a draft upon a single individual that Heaven would not warrant.

Instead of 600 dollars, the E. M. Conference can pay 10,000 dollars. Of its 9857 members, it is believed that there are at least 200 who ought to pay \$10 each.

500	"	2	"	2,500
1000	"	2	"	2,000
2000	"	1	"	2,000
2000	"	1-2	"	1,000
2000	"	1-4	"	500

This would make up the \$10,000 and still leave 2247 poor members from whom we could ask nothing, and a dozen rich ones who ought to pay \$100 each.

We are confident that if this sum could be raised it would not only be without damage, but of great benefit to those who paid it. Whether this sum will be raised the ensuing year is a question that will admit of more doubt than the question of our duty respecting it. But in order to an approximation thereof, let the people be informed of the operations of our Missionary Society, the condition of its treasury, &c. &c. Let each preacher, at a meeting appointed for the purpose, open a subscription instead of barely announcing a collection—let each pew be supplied with slips of paper, and every person be invited to write his name and the amount he will give to the Missionary Society during the year. Afterward a collection might be taken to accommodate those who can give or will give only dimes and fourpences—and this collection in many cases will vary but little from what it would have been without the subscription—while the subscription itself will amount to ten times as much as the collection.

On a circuit which contributed by collection but \$3 last year, nearly ten times as much has been obtained by subscription this year. This course is not only expedient but it is just. If persons are so inensible to duty as not to be moved by the best motive, they ought, at all events, to be influenced to do right.

Much also may be done by forming "Ladies' Missionary Societies," "Juvenile Missionary Societies," &c., of which we have some worthy examples. One juvenile society paid \$65 into the treasury last year. The Baltimore "Ladies' Missionary Society" lately forwarded \$950 to the Treasurer at New York as a part only of what they have done the past year. We have also some noble examples of individual benevolence in this direction. A few weeks since "Zacheus" sent along his annual offering of 500 dollars to the Missionary Society.

Several circuits in the N. E. Conference paid an average of more than a dollar a member last year. Chelsea paid \$1.69 cents a member. It cannot be that one of their members is worth twenty-seven of ours! Let others, then, go and do likewise. Let our brethren not only remember God while in health, but when they make their wills let them not forget him. Many a rich estate, that might have been given to God and thus have proved a lasting blessing to the world, has been spent in the broils and contentions of disputed claimants who neither feared God nor regarded man, or squandered by improvident heirs who were far better without it.

While we contemplate the abominations, the wretchedness and the danger of the heathen world, and the spirit and the sacrifices of missionaries who are laboring to save them, our own hearts ought to impel us to redoubled exertion. But if this should fail, we might take profitable lessons from the world. East India Companies were formed in Holland and Christian England 250 years ago. Where has Protestant Christianity stumbled so long that a mission to save souls was not established upon the same ground until within a few years! Verily "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

But the doors of China are now open. Not only are the dark sons of Ethiopia stretching out their hands to God, and the islands of the sea waiting for his law; but not only the savages of our great Western wilderness come to our borders to inquire about the Christians' God; the down-trodden millions of Europe's miserable Popery are beseeching us to give them the Word of the Lord. And now, all at once, the myriad palms of China are held imploringly toward us, beseeching for salvation. The stone which laid for centuries at the door of that great moral sepulchre has been rolled away. The resurrection of China and of all Asia is at hand! The voice of the Almighty Jesus, whose blood is mingled with its soil, will soon be heard among the empires of the East, and at his life-giving command, "Come forth," a "nation shall be born in a day." The wheels of Juggernaut have made almost their last revolution. The poor idolaters can't pull it over the Bible.

The Book of God has found its way into the Vatican too, and the Sovereign Pontiff has become a trembling beggar. The religions of men, as well as their crowns, and sceptres and thrones, are crumbling at the approach of Christ's kingdom. The world's waiting eyes

are lifted up to heaven for help, and God alone is about to be exalted. Now then let Christians do their duty. Let them cast their silver and gold into the treasury of the Lord, and see what he will do for us. Let them furnish Bibles, and men and means, and soon Mohammedan mosques, and Pagan temples, Popish idolatry and Jewish unbelief will give way before the wide-spreading glory of Emanuel! Let it not be said that the church holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and will not open its gates to the perishing millions of earth.

Respectfully submitted,
D. H. MASSFIELD, Secretary.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

A VISIT TO THE CANADA WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

Having been appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist E. Church, in 1848, a representative to the Wesleyan Canada Conference, I left New York on Monday, June 2d, in company with my eldest daughter, Mary Eliza, and Bro. Joseph Sager, a superannuated preacher belonging to that Conference, now in his 80th year, and who had spent most of his days in that country, and who is my spiritual father, having received me into the church on Niagara circuit in the year 1800, and his lady, in the steamboat New-World, at 7 o'clock, A. M. This is one of the most splendid boats my eyes ever beheld, being 375 feet in length, costing \$160,000, finished and furnished in the most superb style, the ladies' saloon richly carpeted, containing sofas, settees, chairs and stools in abundance, mirrors and pictures of various sorts, &c. &c., all of which indicated that its owners studied the convenience of the passengers, as well as their own interest. What a contrast in the mode of traveling since Fulton introduced the use of steam to propel boats through the water! In 1804, I was four days in sailing from Rhinebeck to New York, 80 miles. Now we sailed from New York to Albany, the distance, in about ten hours! And then the accommodations! Formerly we were pent up in a small cabin, in which there was scarcely room to stand erect, and so closely confined at night that one almost suffocated with heat and the confined foul atmosphere. Now we can sit in the sumptuously furnished saloon, or ascend the upper deck, sheltered from the scorching sun by a tight roof with open ends and sides, which permits a free circulation of the air, and we could, at the same time, enjoy a view of the beautiful, and sometimes magnificent scenery, particularly while passing through the Highlands of the banks of the Hudson River. Under these favorable circumstances, a man must be as stupid as a Hottentot, and as senseless as an Atheist, not to be delighted with a voyage like this up the noble Hudson!

The day was clear and bright, the atmosphere soft and bland, the company polite and agreeable, and my heart expanded while my eyes beheld God's magnificent work, and glowed with gratitude to him for the rich displays of his power, wisdom and goodness in the grand displays of these attributes of his august character, which were exhibited all around us; and more especially for the wonders of redeeming love in the gift of Jesus Christ, through whose death and continual intercession we are made partakers of all these blessings. I could not refrain, indeed, from adoring him for raising up such men as Fulton, whose genius led him to apply the power of steam to the propelling of ships, and for endowing man with the mechanical powers which enabled him to construct such various and complicated machinery, to say by its working, under the impetus given to it by the application of this powerful agent, it should move a boat through the water at the rate of from 12 to 18 miles an hour! For if God called Bezaleel, and "filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving timber, to work all manner of workmanship," (see Ex. 31: 3-11), for the benefit of the people of Israel, shall we withhold from him the glory, or refuse to recognize his hand in raising up such men as discovered the laws of electricity, as invented the machinery to bring forth and control the power of steam, that it might subserve the purposes of man—that made even the lightning the instrument of conveying messages with the utmost speed from one place to another, from friend to friend? No, indeed, thanks be to the Author of every good and perfect gift, for steamboats, the telegraph, and for railroads, as well as for every other improvement of the age in which we have the happiness to live. These all may be made, by a wise use of them, subservient to the furtherance of man's present and future enjoyment; by combining the advantages of the present with the felicities of the future, and making the one contribute to the procurement of the other; and our gratitude and love will increase, if our hearts be right, be duly tuned to prayer and praise, from an appreciable sense of our many privileges, in the same proportion with the increase of our blessings, our comforts and conveniences.

It was under this view of things, that I enjoyed the sail up the Hudson with exquisite delight—with a delight which I despair of communicating to my readers by the imperfect manner in which I endeavor to express it.

Mentioning railroads among the inventions of modern times, reminds me of one of evil resulting from this inalienable good. Who that has sailed through the Highlands has not gazed upon "St. Antony's Nose," as it stood out prominently, upon the projection of a rock which jutted into the river from one of the sloping shoulders of the mountains which form that picturesque scenery, so delightful to the eye of the traveler over this water-way towards the goody city of Albany? Well; cutting the way for the railroad, along the banks of the Hudson, they not only built embankments through the water in some places, levelled the hills and exalted the valleys, but in others they have actually bored holes through the mountains, by making long and dreary tunnels. In doing this, they have actually despoiled the face of "St. Antony," and of course his nose, which had become slim with age, is gone—clean gone forever!

What barbarians these engineers! I at first involuntarily exclaimed: But then I suddenly checked myself, from censuring them, knowing full well that the hand of man touching the works of God, while it improves some of them, and adopting the words of Pope,

"All evil is but partial good."

in their application to the improvements of art, I felt reconciled to this comparative evil, for the sake of the good accruing to the public by the construction of the railroad.

Passing through this gorge of the mountains,

our boat glided swiftly along over the Newburgh Bay, when the blue tops of the Catskill Mountains loomed up in the distance, giving "enchantment to the scene," while the lights and shadows alternated upon their shaggy sides, occasioned by the fleeting clouds which every now and then intercepted the sun's rays, causing a pleasing variety to the eye—that bright orb of the body, which is the instrument of so many exquisite pleasures of the soul, by letting in ideas of the grand, the picturesque, the beautiful, as well as the little, the mean, and the ugly—and relieving it from the dull monotony of a continued sameness. O how many, how various, how striking the instances of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God in His wonderful works!

Well, we finally arrived at Albany, about 5 o'clock P. M., and put up at the Delaware Hotel, a strictly temperance house, in which everything is kept in the nicest order for the convenience of the traveler. The rooms are spacious and airy, neatly furnished; the centre table is covered with religious books. The food plenty, and of sufficient variety; the bedrooms neat, and beds comfortable; and the company, though numerous, all were civil, courteous, and sociable, and the host polite, and attentive to his lodgers—but not a drop of liquor of any sort was to be seen, nor consequently an immoral word heard from the lips of man or woman.

What a reformation has been effected within twenty years past in this respect! Formerly the tables of our steamboats and hotels, and even in private houses, were bespeckled with bottles of brandy, gin, ale, and strong beer, and the tongue of the drunkard would belch out horrid oaths of blasphemy to the name of God and curses against his fellow-men. Now nothing of this is seen or heard. I do not recollect of seeing but one man disguised with liquor, and he was the only man I heard utter a profane oath—for which I reproved him, and he acknowledged his error—in all our journey from New York to Brockville, and thence back again—nor did we see, either in steamboats or at the hotels where we lodged, a single bottle of brandy, or any other distilled liquor on the tables. And though there are still inebriates enough, and grog-shops vastly too many, in all our cities and country villages, yet the facts above stated show that public sentiment, as well as practice, is mightily changed for the better, and that if the friends of religion and temperance shall steadily and discreetly persevere in their work, these evils will ultimately be banished from all decent society—and perhaps from all society—when indeed all society can be designated as decent.

What has caused this reformation? You say, the temperance efforts. Truly. But what caused the temperance efforts? There was, most unquestionably, a cause lying back of these efforts, making them merely the effect of an antecedent cause. This was the progress of pure and undefiled religion. This has been prevailing more and more for upwards of a century past, deepening and widening in its progress, leaving less or more, all ranks of society, and moving all bodies of professing Christians. And then again this religion itself is but an effect of the boundless love of God to man, in the gift of his Son—and the love of the Son in the gift of the Spirit, operating upon the hearts of his ministers, by which they have been excited to proclaim the "unsearchable riches of Christ" unto a dying world.

Hence we are led to trace all good to its true source. Let us continue then to trace it, and ascribe the honor and glory of "every good and perfect gift" to God, the original source of all the good that is done upon the earth, and then he will not withhold from us the aids of his Spirit, to enable us to continue to push forward the "victory to the gate," until all hearts are won over to the cause of truth, to the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and, as an inevitable consequence, to the cause of temperance, and every other Christian virtue.

N. BANGS.

New York, June 6, 1850.

SLAVERY, AS IT LOOKS FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN.

The following remarks, which we cut from a late number of the *Christian Times*, cannot be read by any intelligent and serious American without a deep sense of their justice, and an irrepressible shame at the fact that they are so true. It should be definitely understood, by all who are called into contact with the gigantic crime of Southern Slavery, that if they defend or palliate it, they may gain for a time in politics or in purse, in the slaveholding localities, but they lose inevitably, they lose forever, among all others. The voice of other lands, which is but the prophecy of the voice of posterity, will be a voice of unanimous and just condemnation:

THE DEGRADING TENDENCIES OF SLAVERY.

Our brethren of the press in the United States are always at times on the demoralizing tendencies of the old European despots. We have no wish or call to contradict them. Keeping in view the practices which prevail at Rome, in the Court of Austria and elsewhere, and recollecting that the worst licentiousness of modern France is an inheritance from the old monarchy, we admit the abstract justice of their remarks.

But we would remind them that the morality which only prompts criticisms on a neighbor's conduct, and exerts no influence on the speaker's own, is of a very questionable character. The true, the only test of the vitality and truth of moral principles is, Do they compel us to remove the beam from our own eye, before we set ourselves to take the mote from our neighbor's?

We last week published an illustration of the effects of domestic slavery in America, which ought to make these moral rhetoricians pause. In January last, the daughter of a respectable colored woman in New York, who has purchased her own freedom and the freedom of some of her children, was sold by her owner at Alexandria. Her purchaser bought her along with others for the Southern slave-trade, which is still carried on within the Union. An appeal was made to this slave-trader on behalf of the mother, and the price asked at which he would sell the girl to her own mother. His answer was worthy of a purveyor of Circassians for the slave bazaar of Constantinople:—"We cannot afford to sell the girl Emily for less than eighteen hundred dollars. . . . We have two or three offers for Emily from gentlemen from the South. She is said to be the finest looking woman in this country."

There is a depth of callous, sensual tyranny in this reply that defies comment. The writer of the letter from which we quote, with insolent cruelty and levity, avows himself at once regardless of womanly chastity and modesty, and ready to be the ruffian tool of tyrannical voluptuaries.

That such creatures should exist where slavery is law, is inevitable. That creatures as base and morally hideous lurk even among ourselves, is unfortunately undeniable. But here there is a public opinion that overawes them, and drives them to carry on their nefarious profession in secrecy and peril. In the North American slave States, they parade their vice in the eye of day with impunity. And worse than all, they have numerous wealthy, powerful protectors in the non-slave States—men who call themselves moral—men who call themselves Christians. The whole Webster class of politicians are the abettors of these monsters.

The Americans may fret or fume as they please, but so long as such creatures are tolerated among them, other nations will speak their mind freely. They may prate about foreigners not understanding their institutions; this institution of slavery, at least, is but too well understood. They may call themselves free and enlightened—they are slaves of Mammon.

It is not charters or laws that can make men free, or keep them so. It is only the living spirit within them that can effect that. It was long ago remarked by Montesquieu, that the showy substitute for virtue called honor, may impart stability to despotic institutions, but that virtue itself is indispensable to the stability of popular government. To be free, a people must be moral. The institution of slavery is sapping and undermining the only principles that keep Americans free.

It is with pleasure that we learn from the communication we published last week, that Americans of influence in the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches, have been roused to protest against the atrocity we are denouncing. The religious bodies in America have been too long in beginning earnestly to oppose themselves to the sin of slavery. We trust they are now about to rank themselves under the banner of Total Abolition. We have no reason to expect that physical judgments—such as visited the cities of the plain—are in reserve for these later days; but there are moral convulsions yet more awful in store for national tolerance of hardened and ostentatious criminals.

CALVIN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

In spite of the distressed state of his pecuniary affairs, Calvin was looking for a wife to help him to bear his burdens. Calvin in love is indeed a peculiar phase of his history. He had arrived at the sufficient mature age of thirty; and as his imaginations had never been very susceptible, so, in the business of choosing a helpmate, he was guided wholly by motives of prudence and convenience. In fact, he left the matter entirely to his friends, just as one would buy a horse or any other thing, giving them instructions as to the sort of article he wanted. Writing to Farrel on the 19th of May, 1839, he says: "I will now speak more plainly about marriage. I know not if any one mentioned to you, her whom I wrote about before the departure of Michael; but I beseech you ever to bear in mind what I seek for in a wife. I am not one of your mad kind of lovers who doat even upon faults when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, patient, and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health. If therefore, you think it expedient that I should marry, bestir yourself, lest somebody else anticipate you. But if you think otherwise, let us drop the subject altogether." From another letter to Farrel, dated the 6th of February, 1840, it appears that a young German lady, rich and of noble birth had been proposed to him. Both the brother of the lady and his wife were anxious that Calvin should espouse her. The latter, however, scrupled on two grounds: because the lady was unacquainted with French, and because he was afraid she might think too much of her birth and education. If the marriage was to take place, he insisted that his bride should learn French; but on her requiring time to think of this, Calvin dispatched his brother and a friend to fetch him home another lady, and congratulated himself on the success he has had. He speaks in high terms of his fresh choice. It appears, however, from another letter to the same friend dated on the 21st of June 1840, that this match of which he had thought so highly was also broken off. After these failures, Calvin expresses a doubt whether he should prosecute his matrimonial project any further. Soon afterwards, however, by the advice of Bucer, he married Odelette, or Odelette de Bures, the widow of Anabaptist at Strasburg, whom he had converted. Odelette had several children by her former marriage, in whom Calvin seems to have taken some interest. By Calvin she had only one child, a son, who died shortly after his birth.

For the Herald and Journal.

INTEMPERANCE VS. THE MAN.

The fact that intemperance wholly perverts the better feelings of mankind, both natural and moral, has no doubt been fully shown to every candid mind. But I have seldom heard of a more awful demonstration of the fact, than lately fell under my own observation. A man who had led an extremely dissolute and abandoned life, by the constant and excessive use of ardent spirits, was suddenly thrown into convulsive fits, depriving him at once of all reason and power of speech. His father was if possible a wretch more vile than himself. On the day of the burial of his son, his friends for the sake of decency, though with some difficulty, restrained him from partaking freely of his favorite beverage, Gin, till after the funeral services. On his return from the burial his first thought was his Gin. Having obtained this, he addressed those who stood by to this effect: "When I die I do not want you to have any minister around with his long prayers, but follow me to the grave, and then come back and go into the hall and have a real frolic." W.

GEMS FROM MCHEYNE.

Suffering.—"There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised, before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ sent out sweetness—all the sorrows of Christians do the same. Commend me to a bruised brother, a broken reed—one like the Son of Man. To me there is something sacred and sweet in all suffering—it is so much skin to the Man of Sorrows."

Humility.—"Remember, Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face, is the bane of spiritual life and of the ministry. O, for the closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but O, for a holy ignorance of our shining!"

THE OPERATIVE'S FRIEND AND **INDUSTRY**. Or, Hints to Young Ladies who are dependent on their own Resources, is the title of a new work by James Porter, just from the press. Most books for young ladies seem designed particularly for those who are at leisure, and who have no other business to attend to, and for the counsel on the most prominent subjects connected with their interests. Though girls in our various manufactories receive special attention, others are not overlooked. To idleness promises little amusement, yet it may be profitable. Amusement will find it admirably adapted to their trade.

Published by CHARLES H. PEIRCE, No. 5 Cornhill Street, Price 50 cents. Gilt 75 cents, with liberal discount to wholesale purchasers. Purchasers may address the author at Boston, or the publisher at his regular place of business.

June 5

FROM THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

BY CALEB R. JOSELYN.

Psalm 134.

Riches are not rich forever,
Beauteous radiance fades from room;
Time will surely take all away,
Life may vanish ere its noon.
Look o'er these, O thoughtless soul!
Ask, where is life's brightest goal?
The upright look for their dominion
When death brings the happy morn;
Then they rise on faith's own pinion,
Into heavenly regions borne.
Man of earth! on pleasure's shoal!
Look to wisdom's brightest goal.
We are like the beasts that perish,
Death shall feed on us the same;
O! let us God's favor cherish,
Ere life's last in folly's shame.
Our acts are written on the scroll,
And we must journey to that goal.
They that trust in wealth and riches,
And of earthly treasure boast,
Walking among miry ditches,
O'er a deep abyss's coast:
The sudden waves around them roll—
Prepare thy faith to meet the goal.

BIRTH SONG.

FROM DICKENS'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Hail, new-born child of the Eternal whole,
Young voyager upon Time's mighty river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and forever!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth
From nothingness the earth,
Who clothed the hills in strength, and dug the sea;
Who gave the stars to gem
Night, like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee;
Young habitation of earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Thou art akin to God who fashioned thee!
The heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,
The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
But thou, O Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal! Hail!
Thou young immortal, hail!
He, before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim,
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Thou little child, made thee!
Fair habitation of earth,
Immortal in thy God, though mortal by thy birth,
Born for life's trials, hail, all hail to thee!

LINES ON HOPE.

SCHILLER.

The Future is Man's immortal hymn—
In vain runs the present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim,
In life, in death, he is hastening.
The world grows old, and young and old,
And the ancient story still bears to be told.
Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth;
To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fate's gloomiest dim,
When the Pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.
Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,
Never call it a dream of a rhyme;
The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud,
We are destined for something sublime.
This truth, which the Witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper dearest feels.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE CENTRE TABLE.

"Husband," said Mrs. N., (it was many years ago.) "I think we must have a centre-table. I have some very tasteful volumes, and some beautiful shells, and a variety of things with which to furnish it; and indeed, our parlor is quite singular without it, they are so common now."
"Well, Mary," replied the husband, "the house is your own domain, you know. Arrange it to your own taste."
Mr. N. was a talented young lawyer, in a pleasant New England town, devoted to his profession, and fond of his wife. At the time of their marriage, he built a moderate-sized house, convenient and well proportioned, in the planning of which his wife was consulted, and a grateful aid. He left it pretty much to her, and her discretion and good taste went no further than their present means allowed, and wanted required. The fondness of a young couple like George and Mary N., is easily contented—it is too happy in itself, to be disturbed by the suggestions of luxury and ambition.
During the first years of their married life, and while as yet the success of the young lawyer was problematical, the wife prided herself on the scrupulous, but not niggardly economy with which she regulated her outlays; but now that his reputation was established, and his income considerable and increasing, she thought their circumstances not only justified, but demanded some moderate expenditures in the way of gratifying taste.
The centre-table was procured, therefore, and duly placed in the middle of a room of fifteen feet by sixteen. It looked newer than the surrounding furniture of the apartment, but was not otherwise out of keeping with it.
"How do you like it, husband? Don't you think I have arranged it prettily—and is it not an addition to the room?"
"An addition? It obviously is," replied the husband; "and an agreeable one, inasmuch as it pleases you—if for no other reason."
"I knew you would approve of it," the wife continued; "and really the room has so long had that stereotyped look, that it is some little change made to relieve the sense of sameness."
"Husband," said Mary, a few weeks later, "I find the parlor appears small—indeed, it is rather cluttered, since we have the centre-table; there is hardly room to get about in it. Mrs. C., who was in here this morning, and indeed several ladies, have remarked it. I have been thinking how to remedy it. We have only to enlarge the house a little on that side. It will give us more room above, also, as well as below—the cost will not be much, and it need not interrupt you in your business, as I can see to it. You know you are often complaining me with those words of King Lemuel, 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; so trust me in this, and I will see it done.'"
"Very well, wife, consult your own wishes in the matter. It may be more of a job than you think, and perhaps you will conclude, in the end, that the better way had been to dispense with the table, instead of stretching the house to accommodate it. However, if you can put up with the dust and confusion of it, I have no objection."

"I think we can afford the expense," said the wife; "and as for the dust and disorder, that will soon be over. What I most regret is that it will disturb the shrubbery and shades on that side. But they will grow again."

The carpenters were set to work, therefore, and the consequence was, the elongation of the house by several feet.

In re-fitting the room, the carpet was of course too small, and a new one had to be bought; and the same was the case with the floor above. This was anticipated; but there was another consequence of the enlargement, which had somehow not been thought of; the fire-place was no longer where it should be. It seemed to have moved itself almost into a corner of the room. This was a sad blemish, in the eye of a lady of so much taste as Mrs. N., and the more vexatious, as she herself was responsible for it. To pull down and re-build the chimney, was the only way to remedy it, and this for the present, she did not venture to propose.

Mrs. N. was not ambitious, or not unreasonably so; but the love symmetry and fitness, and could not bear to see things distorted and "out of sorts." With all her natural force of character, she could not content herself to see the fire-place where it was; and when summer came around again, the workmen were recalled, and the chimney moved.

The room was now complete, and as it should be, except that the ceiling was a little too low to suit its enlarged dimensions. But the external proportions of the house had suffered. The front door and windows were as much out of place, as the hearth within had been. This was another unforeseen result. It was endured three or four years, till the wife proposed to remove the defect by an extension of the house on that side equal to the other.

"Alas! the spirit of improvement," said an aged and infirm aunt, whose chamber had been twice invaded by these changes.

"What! the necessity of going on, when one has once embarked in it," the niece replied. "Really, this altering an old house—though this is not an old one—is like the beginning of strife and the letting out of waters. But for that unlucky centre-table, the house was well enough as it was, and I wish it had so remained. But now it is a standing slur upon our taste. It needs the addition to restore it to some shapeliness; and besides, as our children grow older, we shall find more room convenient. And so, as Mr. N. has no objection, I think we will proceed."

In the execution of this resolve, more shrubbery was felled; nor was that the worst. To accommodate the house, it was necessary to shove the husband's office farther, and as the ground beneath sloping, it was found necessary to raise a high wall of masonry for its reception.

And now, was the house symmetrical? It was anything but that. Its length was too great for its elevation. It looked like a portion of a rope-walk.

The projector of all these fine improvements wished a hundred times that it had remained as it was in those sunny days when she and her husband found exactly to their convenience. Indeed, she often rallied herself, and told the whole story from beginning to end, adding, significantly, when a young wife listened to her, "Beware of centre-tables!" And there is not many a young man, as well as woman, that may profit by the caution? One ambitious or luxurious wish indulged, leads to a dozen more. Each successive one more important than the preceding. There is many a heavy chain, of which only the first and lightest link is visible at the outset.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. N. one day, "suppose this house could be reduced to its original condition, you would like it done, would you not?"

"With all my heart," she replied; "but that is of course impracticable."

"Yes, but with your consent we will to-morrow remove to another exactly like it, which, under cover of a stranger's name, has been built for me. In all but the site, the house and the office are exact fac-similes of what these were; and the site is equally eligible. As for the house we leave, I propose to resign it to our minister, who needs more room than he has; and as his salary is none too large, I shall make it rent-free.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

HOME AND WOMEN.

If there has ever been a more touching and eloquent eulogium upon the charms of home, and its dearest treasure, woman, than is contained in the following extract from the Christian Enquirer, it has not been our good fortune to meet it—

"Our homes, what is their corner stone but the virtue of a woman, and on what does social well-being rest but on her home? Most we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones, guarded by holy forms of conjugal, filial and parental love, the corner-stones of church and state; more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay; let our public edifices, our halls of justice, and our capitals of state be leveled with the dust; but spare our homes. Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and a peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth place of every virtuous impulse, and every sacred thought. Here the church and the state must come for their origin and their support. O, spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our forestay and our earnest of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief source and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a birth-right gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends; one sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the lights of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide; but those who can find anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave, and who wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strong spark in our expiring affection."

BRENEAVEMENT.—"O God, how thou breakest into families! Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tender-hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more, when God is the operator, who afflicteth not from his heart, nor grieveth the children of men."—M'Cheyne.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM W. MOTLEY died of consumption in this city, June 23d, in the 58th year of his age. Bro. Motley was born in Boston; his father died in his childhood, his mother died four years since at his own house, of great age. He joined the Methodist church when a youth of 15, under the ministry of Rev. George Pickering. From that time till his death, he has been an ardent friend of the church. His house was the home of many of our ministers, and he has always been one of the most cheerful in making sacrifices for the cause of God. He was an early friend of the Boston Port Society, the Missionary cause, the Zion's Herald, and was the founder of the Sabbath School of the Bromfield street church. He was a man of great uniformity of Christian character, being remarkable even in his disposition, dignified in his deportment and kindly in his feelings. Pulmonary symptoms have long attended him, but it is only two years since they assumed a fearful and fatal aspect. A most devoted family have watched over him during these two years, employing the most able medical skill, but comparatively in vain. In all his sickness he was calmly, joyfully supported by God. His will of God was his will. He died in peace, and sleeps in Jesus. A great loss is thus sustained upon the church; "but our loss is his gain." In domestic life no man could be more happy than Bro. Motley. His family mourn the loss of a most devoted husband and a most affectionate and valuable father. May divine grace sanctify the affliction; may God himself uphold the widow and the fatherless.

L. CROWELL.

Boston, July 2.

Died in Deering, June 19, Sister ALZINA, daughter of Isaac and Lydia CURRIER, aged 21 years. She embraced religion seven years ago, and was a member of the church. She was a devoted and useful Christian. About two years since while at a camp meeting she felt that all was not well, consequently gave herself unreservedly to God. Soon after this, symptoms of that fatal disease, the consumption, made their appearance. During her long, protracted sickness she found the comforts of religion to be her only support. She took her bed last March, then selected the text (Job 30: 23) and hymns to be used at her funeral; also, conductor, bearers, and one to dig her grave. We had the pleasure of visiting her several times previous to her death, and always found her trying to get up, and her mind clear, and her heart full of love to God and her fellow-creatures. The last morning she came, and while the family were gathered around her bed, she exclaimed over to her only sister, "don't weep for me, for I am going to a better place." And her anxiety for her only surviving brother and his companion was exceeding great; she said to them, "get religion and attend meeting." After delivering her dying message, the spirit took its flight from this to the land of eternal repose. This makes eight children these parents have been called to follow to the grave, while but two are left. May that religion which has been their support for nearly thirty years, continue to light up their path through the remainder of life, and bring them to meet their children in that better land. And may the last message of our departed sister sink deep in the hearts of her brother, his companion, and her sister; and may they strive to meet her in that happy land where not a groan, or a sigh will be heard, and all tears will be wiped from off all faces.

JOHN ENGLISH.

Deering, July 4.

Printers in Maine please copy.

Died in Wilton, Me., Feb. 19, Mr. JOSHUA GREEN, in the 83d year of his age. Brother Green was born in the first settled in this Sandy River country, and also among the first fruits of Methodism. His house was a home for the weary itinerant; it was a member and class leader in the first class formed in the place, consisting of only three, and has done much to defend the doctrines and support the institutions of the church of his early choice. He has gone we trust to his reward, leaving an aged widow and eight children to mourn their loss.

ASA GREEN.

Otisfield, July 3.

Mrs. RUTH B. TAYLOR, wife of Bro. B. S. B. Taylor, died in Richmond, N. H., June 2, aged 39 years. Although Sister T. had not become a member of the church, yet we have no doubt she was a sincere Christian, and that the influence of her example will long be felt among those with whom she has associated. Her last days were days of severe suffering, but the grace of God enabled her to triumph, and in great peace to fall asleep, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

L. DRAFER.

Richmond, N. H., July 5.

Sister SUSANNAH HAMLEN, wife of Eleazer Hamlen, died in Wellfleet, Mass., June 13, aged 50 years. Sister Hamlen had been a member of this church about twenty-five years, and by many of the preachers who have served this people will be well remembered. She was emphatically a Christian in all the relations of life. She was kind, consistent, faithful and forbearing. Her sickness was very brief, yet she took her farewell of all of earth in full hope of a joyful eternity. She has gone, but will long be remembered. Her bereaved partner and large family claim a share in our Christian sympathy. May the God of all grace comfort, support and sanctify to them this severe providence.

SAMUEL FOX.

Wellfleet, Mass., July 3.

BROTHER ABEL FAREWELL died in Hartland, June 5, aged 78 years, after a short and painful sickness. He was an affectionate companion, a kind father, a good neighbor, and a useful citizen. His loss is deeply lamented in the community where he lived. He was an acceptable member of the M. E. Church, and in the hour of sickness and death, felt that comfort that nothing but the religion of the Bible can afford. He suffered severely, but manifested the utmost patience and resignation, often remarking, he never knew before that God was so good to him. His friends, though deeply afflicted, rejoice with the reflection that their loss is his eternal gain.

E. PETTINGILL.

Hartland, June 25.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT GONE. MALON STACY was born in South Wilbraham, Mass., May 11, 1765, and died in South Wilbraham, Ct., April 8, at the advanced age of 85. The natural energy of his character, with extreme love of justice, prompted him at the early age of 15, to volunteer his services in defence of his country's rights. He served three years as a common soldier under the immediate command of Washington, and was chosen as one of the soldiers to be present at the disbanding of the army at New York in 1783. The next year found him at his post, sustaining the liberties for which he had fought in the celebrated "Shay's Insurrection." Again in 1813, when the tocsin of war sounded through the land, he, ever true to his country's interest, shouldered his musket, and marched to the scene of battle, to repel the foreign foe.

For the Herald and Journal.

In 1787 he emigrated to the then wilderness of Vermont, where he patiently endured all the hardships, privations and sufferings of the first settlers. About the year 1796 or '7, he turned his attention to the great subject of religion, and joined the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Crawford, under the M. E. Church in Barre, Vt., where, for fifty years, by faith and practice, defended the doctrines and interests of the church of his choice; he was literally one of its fathers, and was no less remarkable for his hospitality, than piety. His house was ever the home of the preachers and pilgrims; indeed no one ever turned empty away; and we trust that many who read this brief notice, will remember with pleasure the kindly welcome, noble principle, firm and well-tried friendship of "good old Father Stacy," as he was often denominated. But he rests from his labors, and verily do his works follow him, for "the good that men do lives after them." His name has not gone down to future generations according to the desire and pride of the world, but his good name, more precious than precious ointment, will live eternally. He survived nearly all his relatives; but few were left to follow him to the grave. For several months previous to his death, he had frequent but slight shocks of paralysis, which rendered him exceedingly infirm, almost helpless—so much so that he would sometimes long to "fly away and be at rest." He lingered until the 1st of April, when he was attacked with influenza, which terminated his mortal career on the 8th. His intellect remained vigorous until the last, never seeming to decay, with his physical strength; he died apparently in great peace of mind, though unable to converse except in monosyllables. His flesh rests in hope, yet the hope of eternal life "at the resurrection of the just."

By his grand-daughter, N. M. SMITH. Will the Christian Advocate and Journal, also printers in Vermont, Ohio and Illinois please copy.

NEWBURY FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Female Collegiate Institute, June 26th, the Reports of the various Committees having been presented and acted upon, it was unanimously determined that the Collegiate Institute should be opened and classes should be formed the ensuing Fall. A course of study and rates of tuition were agreed upon and adopted; a competent Faculty elected, employed and provision made, for the ensuing year, for the payment of their salaries; a contract made with the Trustees of Newbury Seminary for the use of the Seminary building for the Collegiate classes, provision made for the forming new and suitable recitation rooms and for general repairs in the interior of the building—a large portion of which has for years been lying waste; and all needful arrangements were effected for the successful operation of the Institute during the coming year.

It is not the expectation of the Board of Trustees that they have no more to do—nor, even that the work done by them is above revision. The plan for the partial endowment of the Institute is not yet matured, nor is it proposed to ask the friends of Education for funds until by actual experiment the public shall be convinced that the Collegiate Institute for young ladies is a want of the times, and that Newbury is a desirable location for such an establishment.

With the efficient and accomplished Board of Instruction secured, and the other needful facilities provided, for the prosecution of the subjoined course of study, a course prepared by gentlemen competent to the task, and which will compare not unfavorably with that of our highest Male Colleges, while the rates of tuition are but a trifle advance upon Grammar school prices,—the Trustees are confident that those young ladies who have been accustomed to resort to the Seminary hitherto, and others that have contemplated seeking in other States that thorough and liberal Education for which suitable provision had failed to be made at home, will find it profitable to enter the class of the Collegiate Institute.

COURSE OF STUDY.

Preparatory Course—in the Seminary.
PRIMARY CLASS.—Fall—Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography, Pict. History, U. S. Winter—Mental and Written Arithmetic begun, Advanced Geography, Pictorial History of U. S.

Spring—Written Arithmetic, Grammar begun. Summer—Arithmetic, Elements of Natural Philosophy, Grammar.

Through the Year—Exercises in Spelling, Reading and Penmanship. This class studies under the eye of the Teacher.

PREPARATORY CLASS.—Fall—Arithmetic, Geography, Map Drawing, American History and Grammar. Winter—Arithmetic finished and reviewed, Physiology, Parsing, McClintock's First Book in Latin.

Spring—Algebra, Nat. Philosophy, Parker's Exercises and Parsing, First Book in Latin. Summer—Algebra through Simple Equations, Natural Philosophy. Gen. History and Parsing. (Through the Year—Exercises in Reading and Composition.)

Graduates' Course in the Female Col. Institute.
SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Fall—Algebra, Descriptive Astronomy, Nepos and Latin Grammar. Winter—Algebra finished, Rhetoric, Virgil and Grammar.

Spring—Geometry begun, Greek or French, Virgil and Grammar. Summer—Natural History, Greek or French, Virgil and Latin Prosody.

(During the Year—Parsing and Elocution Exercises, Essays on given topics, and Penmanship.)

JUNIOR CLASS.—Fall—Geometry finished, Chemistry and Exper., Greek or French, Cicero's Orations and Writing Latin. Winter—Mensuration, Mental Philosophy, Cicero's Orations.

Spring—Botany begun, Mental Philosophy, Cic. de officiis. Summer—Botany finished, Logic, Latin. (During the Year—Theory and Practice of Teaching, Drawing, Vocal Music, Composition and Translation.)

SENIOR CLASS.—Fall—Plane Trigonometry, Mineralogy, Moral Philosophy. Winter—Mathematical Astronomy, Political Economy. Spring—Ancient Geography, Parley's Evidence.

Three Terms Elective.—Fall Winter and Spring—Ancient or Modern Languages, advanced Mathematics, Oil Painting.

Summer—Geology, Elements of Criticism, Consti. U. S. (During the Year—English Prosody, Monochromatic Oil Painting, Music, Discussions and Criticisms.)

LECTURES.

Lectures will be delivered by the Faculty, on Physiology, Nat. Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, the Theory and practice of Teaching, and on general topics connected with Science and Education.

There will be a rigid public examination of all the classes at the close of the Fall and the Spring Terms, and also an impartial examination of each class by the Faculty, at the close of the Winter and Summer Terms;—and, the members of the classes will be advanced or not according to their proficiency.

DIPLOMAS.

The Young Ladies who shall have completed the entire course of study and sustained satisfactory examinations may receive a Classical Diploma, and those who shall have completed the English studies in the course and sustained satisfactory examinations may receive an English Diploma.

Diplomas will be conferred when the course shall have been completed, without reference to the time spent in study, provided that no lady will be entitled to a Diploma, who shall not have been a member of the Institute at least two terms.

ADMISSION.

Students will be received at any time and assigned to such classes as they shall be found, on examination, qualified to enter. Those not wishing to take the entire course, may pursue such studies as they desire, if prepared by previous discipline to study them.

RATES OF TUITION.

Preparatory Course—in the Seminary.
Primary Class.—Tuition, per Term, including Incidentals, \$2 25
Preparatory Class.—Tuition, per Term, including Incidentals, \$3 25

" " Each higher English Branch, 35
" " Each Language, 35
Graduates' Course in the Female Col. Institute.
To the basis of \$3 25

will be added—
Sophomore Class.—Each higher English, 40
" " Each Language, 60
Junior Class.—Each higher English, 65
" " Each Language, 65
Senior Class.—Each higher English, 60
" " Each Language, 70

Transient or irregular students, ladies or gentlemen, who may have studies in different classes will be charged on the above plan.

Those who, by permission, attend to one branch exclusively, will be charged for that branch in addition to one third the tuition for common English.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

Beginners in Drawing, per term, \$1 00
Crayoning and Advanced Drawing, 1 50
Painting, water colors, 2 00
Monochromatic—25 Lessons, 2 00
Perspective—25 Lessons, 2 00
Oil Painting—25 Lessons, 2 00
Penmanship with Stationery, 1 00
Vocal Music—25 Lessons, 1 00
Piano, with Instrument, 8 00
German, Spanish, Italian, each, 70
Book-keeping, 70
Surveying, with Instruments, 70

According to an agreement with the Trustees, Scholarships on Newbury Seminary will be available for the studies of the Sophomore and Junior classes in the Institute—but must be presented within ten days of the commencement of the term.

N. B. From the Tuition bills of the children of Evangelical Clergymen, one third will be deducted.

Tuition must be paid or secured on or before the second Saturday of the term. No tuition received for less time than six weeks, except in case of sickness.

BOARD—including furnished rooms, fuel and washing, either in the Seminary Boarding House or in private families, for \$1.50 per week. Those wishing to board themselves—as very many are accustomed to do—will find convenient rooms near the Seminary building.

FACULTY.

REV. JOSEPH E. KING, Acting President, and Professor of Latin and Mental Science.
CAROLINE LANE, Preceptress, and Teacher of Painting and Drawing, and the French, Spanish and Italian Languages.

HARVEY S. NOYES, Professor of Mathematics, the Greek and German Languages.
REV. CHARLES W. CUSHING, Teacher of Nat. Science.
FRANCIS D. HEMMENWAY, Assistant in the Preparatory Department.

SOPHIA W. STEVENS, Teacher of Instrumental Music.
The Fall, Winter and Spring terms will continue, each eleven weeks. The Summer term, ten weeks. A vacation of one week follows the Fall and Spring terms; of two weeks the Winter, and of five weeks the Summer term.

The Fall term commences August 29th.
SOLOMON SLAS, } Prudential
JOHN STEVENS, } Committee.
NEWELL CULVER, }
JOS. E. KING, Sec. }
Newbury, June 29th, 1850.

INSANITY INCREASING IN OUR COUNTRY. The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, just published, contains some facts and suggestions well worthy the attention of the community. In the past year, 682 persons have been patients in this Hospital. The average number for the year has been 420,—larger by 45 than a proper complement. The financial condition of the Institution is prosperous, the Report of the Treasurer showing a balance on hand of \$4,742.98.

The report of the intelligent superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Chandler, asserts the belief that insanity is increasing in this community beyond the increase of the population, and beyond the number of that class who are brought in from foreign immigration. One of the most fertile causes of insanity is the over-anxiety and ambition of our people in the pursuit and accumulation of wealth. "An over-doing to keep up appearances tends to break down some and bring on insanity," Dr. Chandler says:—

"The inducements of wealth and of places of honor, in this country, are equally presented to all competitors who may enter the lists, and success usually crowns the well-directed efforts of all in every branch of trade, and in all arts and professions. The ardent and ambitious are by these considerations stimulated to overtake their physical and mental powers. The allurements of science stimulate its votaries to long-continued trains of thought upon one subject, until the instrument of thought becomes fatigued and is liable to respond in an unhealthy tone, until strange fancies and delusions upon that subject arise in the mind. These delusions become permanent and real unless the attention is diverted to other subjects, and the brain gets relief from its incipient disease; but, with the great mass of the community, the all-absorbing desire of wealth and the advantages it brings to its possessor, are the principal motives to action.

The merchant expands his business beyond his personal supervision, and he trusts his property with his neighbors, with a hope of compound interest in return. He watches anxiously the rise and fall of the market. He is elated with prosperity, but the unseen reverses which come in the commercial world as well as in others, bring ruin to his hopes and not unfrequently crush his reason. The speculator ventures deeper and deeper while successful, but at last

he is wrecked in his calculations, and his mind sinks in the storm, unless it is buoyed up by a well-educated self-control."

This making a God of Mammon—stalking all one's hopes and aspirations upon mere wealth—is often punished even after the battle has been gained and there is no longer a rational fear of losing it. Then comes one of the most deplorable delusions—the dread, while rolling in riches, of being brought to want. "The rich man," says Dr. Chandler, "fears he shall come to want and have to go to the almshouse for support."

And this pitiful fear is one peculiar to the rich. It never attacks the poor. "I have never known," says Dr. Chandler, "a patient brought to a hospital, who had fears of coming to want, but was considered by his neighbors a man of wealth. I apprehend that the fear of poverty by very seldom brings insanity to the poor."

There is inalienable retribution in the laws of Heaven; and the fate of Tantalus is realized in that of the rich man fearing the almshouse. This is one of the commonest types of insanity. In this way does the immoderate lust for gain, and the dedication of money carry its own punishment.

Dr. Chandler, like the late Dr. Brigham, lays great stress upon the importance of securing sound and regular sleep. Holy Writ has but anticipated the conclusion of physiological experience where it says, "He giveth his beloved sleep." Mind and body cannot be healthy without. "All great commotions in the community," says Dr. Chandler, "agitate the mind more or less extensively, and are registered in the public lunatic hospitals by those specially made insane by them, whether the commotions are political campaigns, Miller excitements, or California fevers. It has been said that insanity increases with the liberty and civilizations enjoyed by any community; but it is hoped that when the causes of this malady are exclusively known, and that when the laws of health cannot be broken in any case with impunity, each individual will be careful to avoid those causes which are the sure precursors of this awful disease."—Boston Evening Transcript.

ANCIENT MODE OF PRESERVING HEALTH. That extremely learned and universally celebrated philosopher, Lord Bacon, had extraordinary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three grains of the drug, either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning for thirty years! He really seems to have been fond of quacking himself once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white beer immediately before dinner. He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise; and, if possible, he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes, with dried bay and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with the oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction. He was rather a hearty feeder, and when young, preferred game and poultry, but in later life gave the choice to butcher's meat, which had been well beaten before roasted. At every meal his table was strewn with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper wine in which gold had been quenched. The first draft which he drank at dinner or supper was always hot, and on retiring to bed he ate a bit of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, syrup of rose and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep.

LIVING IN HEARTS.

It is better to live in hearts than in houses. A change of circumstances or a dissolving landlord, may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removal from place to place with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart save by his own fault—nor yet always by that, for affliction clings tenaciously to its object in the way of the comforter, where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image of that object which they are evermore eager again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kind